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## THE ART AMATEUR.

iar rounded relief to each division made by the intersection of the lines, without soiling or vitiating the tones and tints employed, is vastly more difficult. Indeed, the handling required here is perhaps as severe a test as the skill of a young artist can be put to.

In coloring oranges, the only pigments I employ are light and orange cadmium, vermillion, burnt Sienna and raw umber. The highest local color in a full, ripe, Florida orange is rarely lighter than pure orange cadmium. For the side in shadow use mostly raw umber and burnt Sienna. In painting the surface, particular attention should be directed to the proper interpretation

larity or stiffness; let them appear as if they were carelessly overturned from a basket. Probably the best plan to serve this end would be to fill partially an old, broken basket and slowly turn it on its side, allowing the fruit to roll out naturally. In most cases a more graceful arrangement will be thus secured than by trying to place them by hand. Frequently I have done this with success. The fruit should not be all of the same color, as monotony is not agreeable, and yet the contrasts should not be violent.

Apples are of such a variety of tone and color that I feel it would be superfluous to notice the manner of dealing with each. Suffice it to say that for most kinds of red apples I find Indian red, vermillion, deep madder lake, burnt Sienna and Vandyck brown sufficient. To these may be added in bright, warmer tones of red, light and orange cadmium.

For yellow and green apples, the cadmiums, yellow ochre, raw umber, burnt Sienna, light and deep zinober green and Vandyck brown. The reflections in the table must be painted in solidly while the surface is yet wet, imitating the subdued tones as nearly as possible. It is rarely that the required softness, especially the gradual fading away of the outlines, can be rendered successfully without the

dragging of a flat, dry brush over the whole. If the imitation of the old basket is well done, it will prove a very important feature in the composition. An old piece of drapery may be introduced with good effect if properly disposed, but it must be subdued in color, and not be allowed to interfere with the fruit, which is the salient point—the part the eye must first be caught by and rest upon.

A. J. H. WAY.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE collection of pictures at the National Academy of Design ranges from the highly meritorious to the merely meretricious—with the latter decidedly preponderating. Indeed, it cannot be said more than any of its predecessors to justify the managers of the Academy in holding an autumn exhibition. The score or more of good canvases would have easily kept until the spring.

In the corridor, the visitor will be inclined to pause before Charles Bridgman's pathetic canvas "A Moment of Suspense" (No. 162). In a poor city apartment the doctor stands, watch in hand, feeling the pulse of a beautiful golden-haired girl who seems far gone with fever. The mother looks on grief-stricken, but yet full of womanly strength; a little girl and a boy are also near the bed, but do not

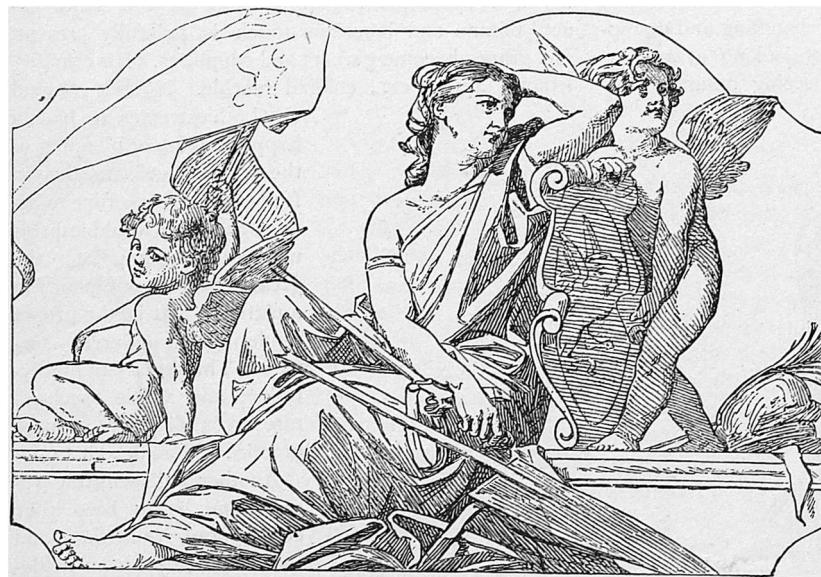
quite appreciate the gravity of the crisis; and a baby in the foreground, not appreciating it at all, gives all its attention to emptying into its shoe a pilfered bottle of medicine. This little aside rather diverts the interest from the principal group. Technically speaking, there is much to be desired in the picture, but it tells its sad story simply and well.

Over a doorway hangs (No. 169) "The Seven O'clock, from Manasquan," by James Kinsella. Out of the blue gray dawn, which is all in horizontal streaks, comes with startling force a huge locomotive and its train of cars,

the dazzling white light thrown on the bright rails that cross the stretches of the dark blue river, and the marsh. It is rather sensational, and, perhaps, is best seen from a height. Over another doorway, in the east gallery, is "The Sirens," by Louis J. Rhead, which is also best viewed from a distance, but it is not at all sensational. Indeed, if all sirens were like these no one need fear their enchantment. They seem to be very harmless maidens who, coming down to the sea-beach to bathe, and not liking the peculiar buttermilky appearance of the waves, have concluded to sit on the sand and indulge in a little practice on the musical instruments they have brought with them. Emil Carlsen has a large and striking painting (No. 411) of a fair maid standing at the farther side of a table plucking a white duck. It is upon this work in hand that the strongest light is centred. The other ducks shown, the very real copper vessel in the foreground, and all the accessories, are perfectly satisfactory with the light they have, but one wishes that the pretty face of the maid could have come in for more. Atherton Furlong, an English painter, a new-comer, sends "A Surrey Bull." The black and white coat is well painted, and the form of the animal is shown to advantage as he reaches his sturdy neck toward a tree-trunk on an elevated bank. The body, perhaps, presents too many short curves, and the forelegs seem rather plump than muscular. There are few cattle-pieces in the exhibition, excepting the velvety creatures that figure in some genre pictures.

"The Charge at Fair Oaks," by William T. Trago, is a vigorous, unconventional little battle-piece, well composed, and cool and agreeable in color. The same criticism, almost, may apply to Gilbert Gaul's "Fight at the Ferry;" but that, in point of color, the work of this sincere artist, as usual, is unsatisfactory. But color is not everything in a picture, not even with form combined with it, unless there is some really human interest in the subject. There is, for instance, the sweet scheme of color—almost cloying—in H. Siddon Mowbray's harem interior, "The New Favorite," with pretty women, and an abundance of gorgeous textures, generally very well rendered; but there is nothing in the story of the girl with the orange who is envied by her associates. It is true the orange strikes a strong note of color, and the cool tones of the foreground are agreeably harmonized with the warm ones of the rest of the picture; but one can take no interest in the picture itself; the women are not Oriental at all; they wear Japanese costumes instead of Turkish, and are wholly without expression.

"Good Luck" (No. 436), by Lyell Carr, shows on a sandy shore, with a stretch of water and a distant harbor



"VENICE." DECORATIVE PANEL. BY PAUL BAUDRY.

of that smooth bumpiness (if I may be allowed the expression) so characteristic of the fruit. This effect can be given by a little skilful management as follows: Load your color with a full brush, and then, with a smaller pointed brush, charged with a deeper tone (say burnt Sienna, for instance), deftly touch in tiny half circles with regularity, becoming paler as they recede from the light. With a little practice the effect required can be successfully given. The point where the direct rays of light impinge upon the surface must be rendered with white modified with a very little black. In a broken or cut orange, the edges of the rind next the pulp are of a light yellow, and the pulp itself, a creamy white. In the former use light cadmium. For the latter, flake or Cremnitz white tinted with light cadmium and rose madder. For the shadows add raw umber and terre verte. The thin facia or skin enveloping the separate divisions can be easily rendered after the solid under color is nearly dry, by dexterously dragging over it a good-sized flat brush, charged with thin white. For lemons use light cadmium and raw umber with, perhaps, a little green when necessary. The inside of a cut lemon should be painted with a mixture of cadmium, raw umber and a little rose madder.

With the above directions it is hardly necessary to spend much time on bananas. The only colors necessary to paint the yellow variety are light cadmium, yellow ochre, green, raw umber and Vandyck brown. For the red variety, orange cadmium, vermillion, burnt Sienna, raw umber and Vandyck brown. This fruit should be finished at one sitting. I have only named in these directions the colors to be used; every amateur knows that white forms the basis for all the different tints.

There is a variety of other tropical and southern fruits which find their way to our markets occasionally, but few possessing sufficiently attractive qualities of line and color to induce me to put them on canvas, with the exception of grapes, which, most picturesque and refined of all fruit, are entitled to, and shall have, a chapter to themselves.

As apples are the most abundant, and most easily obtainable of all our fruits, and at the same time offer to the artist exceptional advantages in variety of form, size and color, and, moreover, can be had in their highest perfection during the fall and winter months, I shall give briefly the reader my method of treating them. Perhaps the most picturesque effect we can give them is to place them on the polished or varnished top of a table or slab of dark-colored marble, so that we get the reflections. Great care must be taken to avoid regu-



"GENOA." DECORATIVE PANEL. BY PAUL BAUDRY.

beyond, a sportsman with his horse, from which he has just dismounted, and his no less important dog. The charm of this picture is in the expression of perfect understanding between the three companions, as they stand around the pile of wild ducks lying on the ground. H. R. Power's "Hounds" (No. 452) are very well done, and, in a less vigorous way, the pet dogs with the little girl, in No. 461, by Lily M. Spencer, are also meritorious.

The large canvas (No. 468); by Barthélemy Grenié, called "Voices of Evening," is simply an uninteresting nude French model comfortably seated, with a forest

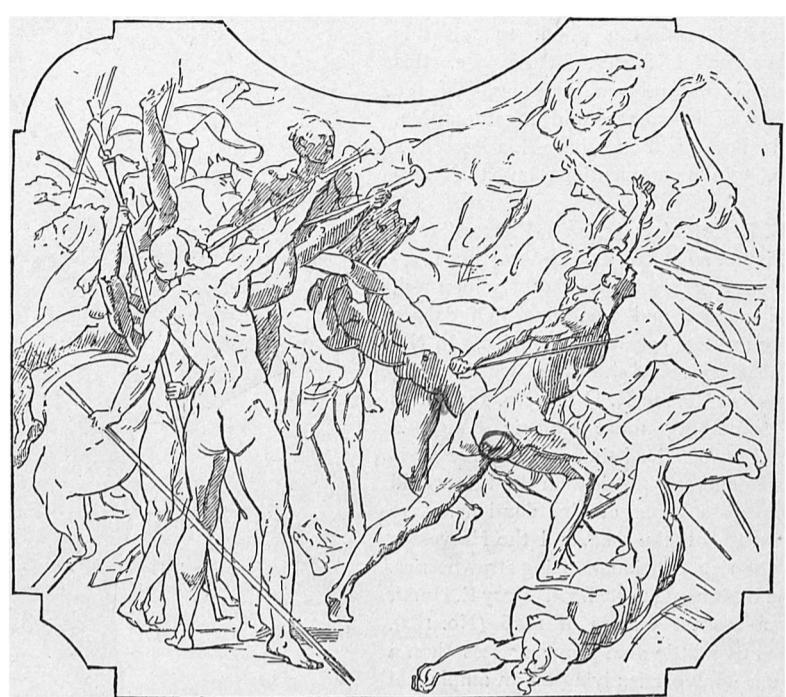
background painted in to justify the poetical title the artist has chosen to give her. On the line, to the right of this, is Winslow Homer's "Lost on the Grand Bank," decidedly the picture of the exhibition. The story is a simple one, simply told, with the directness and power of a master. All that we see is two fishermen in a boat

low white sun and the rosy, cumulus clouds and the strips of woody distance are all laid in with a soft, pleasing effect. The rapids present an expanse of tumble and foam, but no angry rush of water. One stands before the canvas waiting to be impressed, but it is in vain. There is nothing startling about the picture but the

by T. C. Steele. Walter L. Palmer's "Maples" is a crisp little bit of real autumn. "A New England Study" (No. 193), by Bruce Crane, shows a quaint white farm-house standing peacefully among its shade trees near the grassy roadside; and beyond, similar houses look out vaguely between other trees. A grand old buttonwood and



"ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE." FROM THE CARTOON BY PAUL BAUDRY.



"MARTIAL MUSIC." FROM THE CARTOON BY PAUL BAUDRY.

which is rocking on a sullen expanse of water; the fog is growing thicker and thicker and they are anxiously peering out as it closes in on them. Percy Moran's "Autumn Flowers," with its prevailing russet hue, is a charmingly painted interior with a pretty girl in last century costume arranging a field-gathered bouquet. F. D. Millet's "Tambourine-Player" shows a not very interesting subject very well drawn and carefully painted. E. H. Blashfield follows Mr. Millet in his Alma-Tadema predilections in the canvas he calls "Pouting," showing seated on a marble bench a classic maiden, who is, very wisely, we think, keeping her distance from the repulsive young swain who is ogling her. "Spring" (No. 240), by F. Marschall, shows a fair young girl tripping forward from a light green hillside, holding in her hands a branch of apple-blossoms. The curving folds of the simple, gossamer-colored drapery, though flowing to the ground, in no way impede the graceful movement of the lithe figure; and although there are no dark tones to give strong contrast, the high lights are very effective. M. Angelo Woolf's "Little Housekeeper," a little girl paring apples, shows a marked improvement in color over previous work we have seen of this clever artist, who seems to have been born with an unerring instinct for portraying character.

There are a few good portraits, and among them we should certainly give the first place to Carroll Beckwith's strongly-handled picture of Aaron J. Vanderpoel, which is an excellent likeness. Eleanor C. Bannister and Eleanor Norcross also send good male portraits.

A landscape which, according to the catalogue, the artist holds at the modest sum of \$6000, is Robert J. Pattison's "American Rapids at Niagara Falls." The

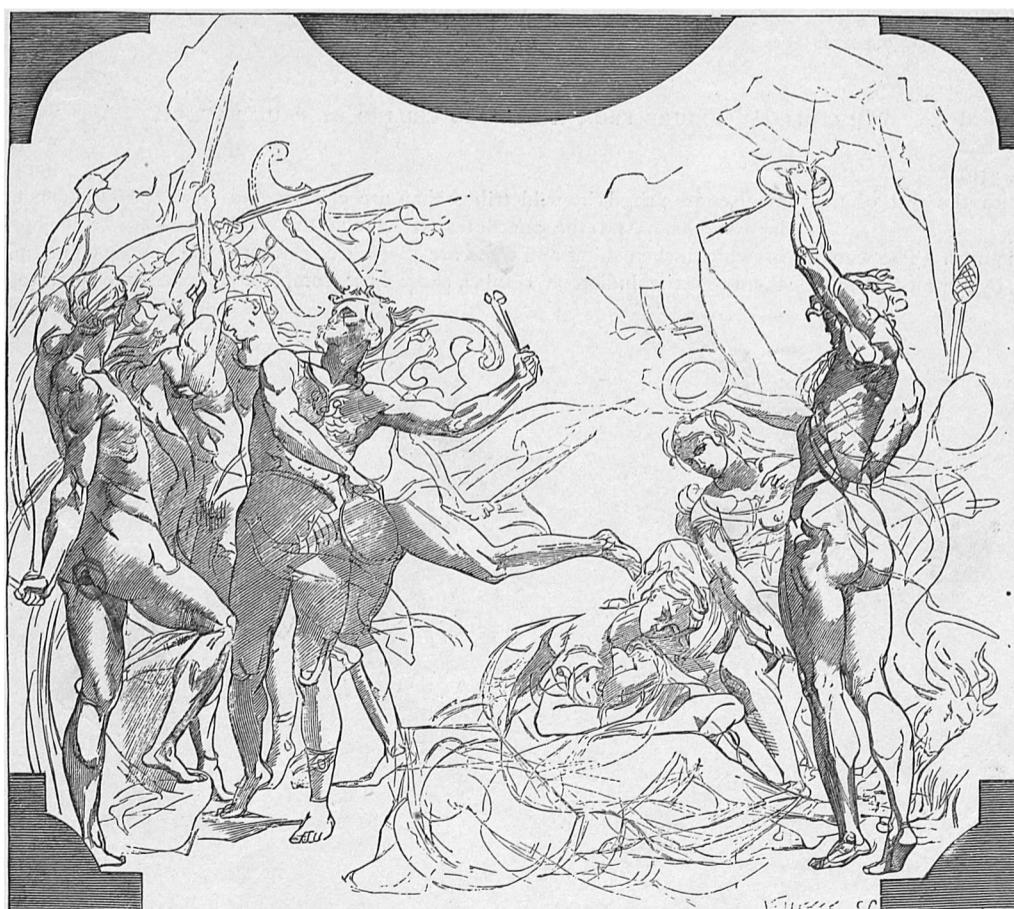
price, which, after all, like the picture, is perhaps a mistake. No. 250, Wm. L. Sontag's "Mill and Dam on the Androscoggin," Charles H. Miller's picture of his country home, Homer Martin's "Old Manor of Cricquebolef, Normandy," and George H. Smillie's "Scene on the Massachusetts Coast," are all worthy of attention. Burr H. Nicholls's large "upright" of a sunny

some swaying young elms blend their shade on the white sandy road in the foreground. The summer foliage stands out strong and sharp. The spot is quietly picturesque, but yet is just such an one as many would pass again and again while sighing for "something to sketch."

The canvases of still-life at the Academy, this season, are neither better nor worse than usual; but there are always students interested in such work who look regularly "in the papers," and nearly always in vain, for some word of suggestive criticism. For their sake, rather than for the painters of the canvases mentioned, we devote more space than we are accustomed to do to the consideration of the pictures of this class.

Let us take some of the representations of the universally beloved rose. One of the first seen on ascending the stairs is No. 156, a strong study, by E. L. Coffin, of pink, yellow and white roses, a happily arranged mass in a glass vase, affording a fine example of purity of tone and vigor of touch. If, however, the stems seen through the glass had not been brought out quite so forcibly, one would feel more certain that the glass was there. Compare with this No. 320, in the east gallery, by N. Bradbury. Here you have an over-proper, soft, conventional bunch of roses. Then look at No. 252, "Jacqueminot Roses," by K. H. Smith, not painted with quite enough freedom of touch, but very real. "A Rose Wreath" (No. 590), by

Geo. C. Lambdin, has a soft, out-door atmosphere, but is a little artificial. The Maréchal Neil roses of S. B. Herrick are perfect in their simplicity and truthfulness, without any effort at striking effect. This style is at least a safe one. If the student wants to be told what not to do, let him look at No. 395. Such an example of labored



"JUPITER AND THE CORYBANTES." FROM THE CARTOON BY PAUL BAUDRY.

country roadside with a boy and geese in the foreground, is by far the best work we have seen from his brush. Edward Gay, with his boldly-painted marshy creek, in part repeats his subject, and much of its success, at the Academy exhibition last year. From an Indianapolis studio come two excellent landscapes (Nos. 223 and 492)

drawing and weak coloring is out of place in any exhibition. However, it has one merit—it is small.

Let us look at some of the studies of lilacs. There is Lydia N. Heal's, very broad and rather flat (No. 86); then T. Addison Richards's, faithful and natural (No. 332), and A. Binford McCloskey's (No. 168), which is, as to breadth, between these two. Mr. McCloskey's drooping bunches seem much elongated and too pliant to suit this rather wilful flower. Otherwise, this study is natural and pleasing. Of the studies of hydrangeas and chestnuts, No. 34 is broad and effective; Ilda Poesche's (No. 399) is conscientious but too wax-like.

E. L. Coffin's "Autumn Flowers" (No. 59) is not so strong as his roses; but it introduces a charming display of golden-rod, wild carrots, and woodbine. Of daisies there are two excellent examples. In No. 187 Lydia N. Heal shows the broad, strong style, and Claude R. Hirst (No. 142) gives us something more realistic. Virginia Granbery's "Seed-time and Harvest" is more delicately poetic than the title would suggest—a force of airy dandelions are about to sow the seed, and the Harvest is one of rich, delicious-looking strawberries. The treatment is excellent. Mary E. Hurst, on a modest canvas of 10x6 (No. 182), gives us a little gem showing less than a dozen strawberries lying on an ample leaf against a simple olive background. Ambitious beginners inclined to large canvases may study to advantage such examples as this. In Henry Harrison's conscientious "Still-Life" (No. 153), we have a violin, several sheets of music, a bust, some wine, and drapery, but there is a uniform air of newness over all, which is not agreeable. In looking at the large picture of field-corn in an old basket (No. 161), by Alida Bevier, one wishes for more of the warmth that a greater number of rich yellow ears would give, and wonders why the husks and tassels should be so cold that they are fairly blue. Mr. Daingerfield's apples (No. 369) one hopes may ripen, and put on something of that mellow, reddish tone we know it was intended to give them. The kitten Amy Crary has introduced in "The Librarian" (No. 359) is toy-like and by no means equal to the rest of the work.

There are a few very good game pictures. The woodcock lying by a tree-trunk (No. 163), by Ernest S. Pease, is not merely a faithful representation of a dead bird, but it has the pathos of a poem. The little feet look as pitiful as helpless, extended hands; and the eye from which the light of consciousness has scarcely gone out, and the scattered feathers and the fresh-fallen leaves complete the tale. "In the Wood-shed" (No. 37), by M. I. Harris, shows a well-painted partridge hanging from an old barrel, to which far too much space is given.

HERBERT SPENCER, in his "Principles of Education," chapter 1, has noted the fact that decoration precedes clothing. "Decoration precedes dress. Among people who submit to great physical suffering that they may have themselves handsomely tatooed, extremes of temperature are borne with but little attempt at mitigation. Humboldt tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will yet labor for a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired; and that the same woman who would not hesitate to leave her

hut without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to go out unpainted. Voyagers find that colored beads and trinkets are

ants, who strutted about in their goat-skin mantles when the weather was fine, took them off, folded them up, and went about naked, shivering in the rain. Indeed, the facts of aboriginal life seem to indicate that dress is developed out of decorations. And when we remember that even among ourselves most think more about the fineness of the fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience—when we see that the function is still in great measure subordinated to the appearance—we have further reason for inferring such an origin."

#### SCIENCE IN ART. (CONCLUDED.)

THE studio of the modern landscape painter we may safely say is a perfect repository of transcripts and studies from nature of every kind. Open some of the huge portfolios of sketches, and what do you see? Designs for brown bushes and yellow mausoleums? Nothing of the kind. You see sketches of rocks on the sea-shore; of a piece of pebbly beach; of a rock pool and its cool shadows, and a tumbling wave after a gale; you see dashes of sky in storm and in sunshine; studies of foliage; careful drawings of burdock leaves, long grass, weeds of a hundred kinds; a bit of old brick garden wall with a ripe peach hanging from a stem, and a crawling snail by its side; morsels of old roof and moss; studies of an orchard in blossom and in fruit; careful outlines of foregrounds, with a hundred details; completed studies for a landscape, painted bit by bit from a tent pitched out of doors in the summer-time; dashes of running water, stones, herbage, big lichen-covered boulders, effects of light and shadows; cows, sheep, horses, and a thousand other things. You begin to see the accurate and faithful labor which a nineteenth-century artist puts into his simple "Brook-side" or "Old Mill-stream," and you find that to him nothing is too common to fail in artistic merit. When you take your next walk down a country lane you begin to wonder how it was you never before noticed the beauty of the common hemlock

with its tall stems and white umbrella-shaped flower, or the blades of long grass, each with its light and shadow, and a raindrop on its tip. An artist not only sees, himself, he teaches you how to see, until at last you almost penetrate the feeling which gave expression to the thought that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed" like some of these common flowers and herbs of the field.

But the work is built upon science, the study of nature, and though some of the modern landscapes are roughly brushed in, you see the spirit of a scene seized in a manner which tells you that the painter, had he chosen, could have drawn every little detail down to a daisy or a plantain leaf. He knows all about flowers and their seasons, and is a bit of a naturalist as well. The haunts of birds and fishes are familiar to him; he has marked the leap of the trout in the dark pool just above the little waterfall and the silver rings of light which ever widened and widened in the still water; he knows when the emerald dragon-fly appears and where it is to be found; he has sketched the swift, the swallow, and the marten, and remembers in what

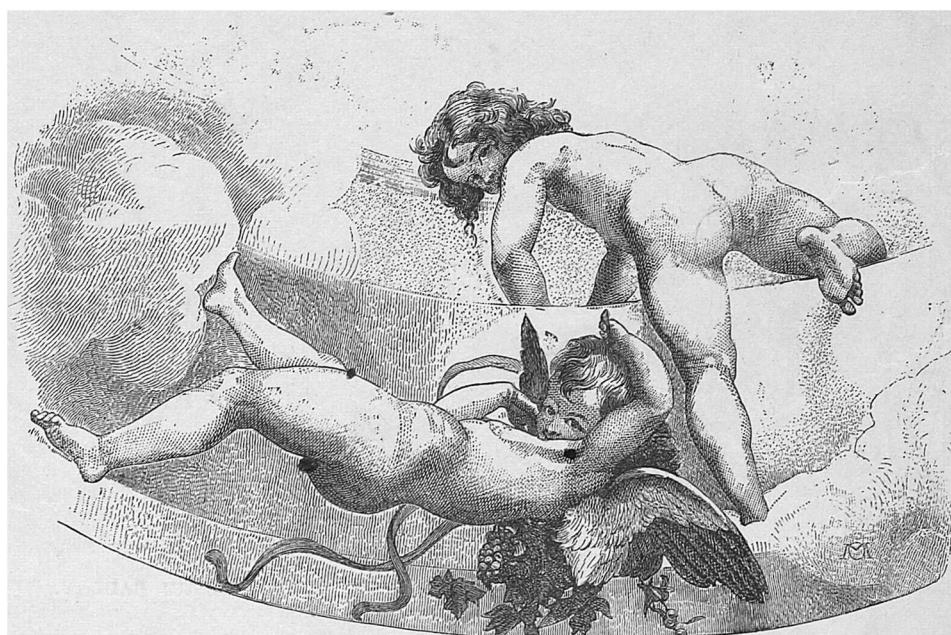
"APOLLO." FIGURE FROM A PAINTED CEILING BY PAUL BAUDRY.



much more prized by wild tribes than are calicoes and broadcloths. And the anecdotes we have of the ways in which, when shirts and coats are given, savages turn them to some ludicrous display, show how completely

they all differ and in what they are alike; he is ever observing and making notes and receiving new inspirations from every-day incidents and things.

GROUP OF CHILDREN. FROM A PAINTED CEILING BY PAUL BAUDRY.



the idea of ornament predominates over that of use. Nay, there are still more extreme illustrations: witness the fact narrated by Captain Speke, of his African attend-

ants, who strutted about in their goat-skin mantles when the weather was fine, took them off, folded them up, and went about naked, shivering in the rain. Indeed, the facts of aboriginal life seem to indicate that dress is developed out of decorations. And when we remember that even among ourselves most think more about the fineness of the fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience—when we see that the function is still in great measure subordinated to the appearance—we have further reason for inferring such an origin."